



FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Boots For the Cow.

Down in the Third ward there is a shoemaker who has imbued his sons so strongly with business principles that the little fellows are unconscious trade canvassors wherever they go.

One of the boys, Tommy Ryan, aged 6, was recently sent to visit his uncle, who has a farm at Darby, and as Tommy had rarely been in the country and was more accustomed to the sight of

sugar barrels at Batbridge street wharf he made funny mistakes in his endeavor to "drum up" business.

One day last week Tommy watched the cows being driven into the barn by his uncle, and suddenly a new thought struck him when he noticed the animals' hoofs.

"What are you thinking about, Tommy?" asked his uncle, with an amused smile.

"I'm just thinkin' that it would be a good thing if you asked my dad to make boots for your cows," said Tommy thoughtfully. "Their feet are split up de middle, so it must be awful hard to walk troo de mud with feet like 'em!"

—Philadelphia Press.

At Home.

The effect of being born to the royal purple is evidently everlasting. At one of the English drawing rooms last year the host and crowd were so great that the poor vice queen, Princess Christian, finished her duties in a almost fainting condition. To prevent any such disasters result again the number of presentations this spring is to be limited to 200 at each reception. Meanwhile the best ladies of our republic set a brilliant example by holding weekly receptions, of which it is not unusual for thousands of persons to be received in a single afternoon.—Exchange.

Kansas Women Mayors.

Pleasanton, Kan., has elected a woman mayor. Several small Kansas towns have within the past three or four years chosen women for mayors, and there is no recorded instance of any of them having cause to regret it. In a short time the Kansas women will be full-fledged voters, clothed with the complete rights of citizenship, and then we shall have feminine mayors in some of the larger towns as well as women county clerks, treasurers, recorders, etc. The Kansas woman is the coming man, so to speak.—Kansas City Journal.

She Loves Dogs.

Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, author of "A Roadsides Hump," in giving the date of her birth for a biographical note recently, wrote playfully, "I am the only lady with a permanent date attached." Miss Guiney, who lately received the appointment of postmaster at her home village—Auburndale, Mass.—is a great admirer of pigeons. "I greatly love," she says, "both the sight and the sound of doves."—Boston Commonwealth.

The Twelfth Supreme Court Portia.

Miss Kate Pier of Milwaukee has been admitted to practice before the United States supreme court, making the twelfth woman for whom the bars of that forum have been set down, the first venture-some lady being Mrs. Belva Lockwood, who was admitted in 1875.—Milwaukee Correspondent.

Gloves for Brides.

The innovation of no gloves for brides received fresh emphasis at the recent wedding of the Hon. Nellie Bissell in England. She wore rings enough to almost cover her fingers, but no gloves. This is a very trying edict, for the whitest of hands are apt to look red against the snowiness of a bridal gown.

Revolving Headgear.

A diamond turn composed of a great many stones and which may be wound up, setting all the diamonds revolving like a glittering rainbow, is a novelty which a woman of quiet taste would rather see upon someone else than wear herself.—Exchange.

What the opinion of college women is on the question of suffrage may be gathered from the fact that 500 Wellesley college women sent a congratulatory telegram to the Colorado Suffrage association when women gained the ballot in that state.

Fashionable hairdressers say that hair lashed to a satin finish will be worn in the near future, although the fringe of short curls about the face will be retained, as they make a woman look more youthful.

It is rumored that the new spring dress will be built with very long shoulders, sleeves flat in the head, but full about the elbow, and the skirt made heavy and fussy with ruffles and puffs.

An association of women has been formed in Liverpool for the purpose of petitioning shopkeepers to provide seats for their employees.

After 40 years' occupancy of the editorial chair of an English periodical Charlotte M. Young has been retired.

Through Pullman and tourist sleepers every day in the year to San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego, etc., by Santa Fe Route.

Our spring stock is now complete. Call and get out prices.

ATLANTIC & MACMILLAN,
Popular Style Tailors,
610 Kas. Ave.

Since refitting our dining room we have the neatest place in the city, Whittier & Co., 730 Kansas avenue.

the California people. Doe has earned \$30,000 in five years by his performances in harness. We show herewith a picture of Doe and his young driver as they appear when speeding.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A wakeful child.

Auntie—Does your new doll close its eyes?

Little Adele—Yes'm, but she is the most wakeful child I ever saw. She doesn't shut her eyes when I lay her down, as she ought to. The only way to make her go to sleep is to stomp her on her head and shake her.—Good News.

Deplorable.

Miss Azurro—What a terrible, hopeless longing is expressed in Coleridge's lines, "Water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink."

Miss Littlefield—It doesn't seem possible that the liquor habit ever had such a hold on a human being.—Puck.

Buckingham's Dye for the whiskers does its work thoroughly, coloring a uniform brown or black, which, when dry, will neither rub, wash off, nor soft linen.

—A. M. FORTIN,

WESTERN
FOUNDRY AND MACHINE WORKS,
ESTABLISHED 1875.
FORMERLYTopeka Foundry and Machine Works,
ESTABLISHED 1868.

R. L. COFRAN, Proprietor.

MANUFACTURER OF STEAM ENGINES, MILL MACHINERY,
SHAFTING, PULLEYS, GEARINGS, FITTINGS, ETC.

Write for Prices.

TOPEKA, KAS.



NOVELTIES FOR HOME WEAR.

The banque at the top is of light brown cashmere over seal brown velvet jacket. Each part of it is bordered with narrow gold braid. The back and sleeves are of light blue cashmere velvet. The jacket is left open eight hours to let jackets. The one on the right is of poppy red cashmere with narrow ribbon trimming and such belt of the same color. The other one is of white yellow, with insertions of point de Venise, with a border of the same pattern on the deep cape and sleeves. A pink cord with tassels encircles the waist.

HE EXPLAINED.

And After That the Audience Made No

Breath.

We were playing in a small town back in the seventies—said a theatrical man in the corridor of the Coleman House—when our leading heavy man had a rather tough experience. All the miners were in the theater. Well, the heavy man had been persecuting a poor maiden through two acts. In the third act he came to the powerful scene of the play. "At last," he said, "I know you in my power, and nothing on earth can save you. I, who was the slave, am now the master." So, saying, he advanced toward his trembling victim.

"Mercy!" she moaned.

"Mercy!" he retorted. "You had no mercy for me, and I will have none for you."

At that moment a gruff voice was heard from the gallery. "You blamed varmint, I'll settle with you." There was the crack of pistol, and a bullet whizzed near the heavy man. "Play the scene of a gun boys," continued the voice, and a shower of bullets saluted the stage violin. He didn't stop fire, but fled from that stage.

In the wing he met the stage manager, who was white with anger.

"You have broken up the scene," he said.

"Go back to the stage, sir, and wait for your exit."

"I tell you I won't have a man in my company who is so easily disconcerted. Go on with the scene, or you will leave the company tomorrow."

That was serious. To be stranded in that forsaken town was calculated to make the heavy man appreciative.

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